

GOOD ENOUGH.

While the red rose leaves do carpet
All the paths my feet do tread,
While the trumpet blooms are flaming
Against the dark tree overhead,
Whist my memory stays with me,
Of the good times I have had,
I'll be glad to stay in this world,
For it isn't half so bad.

While nights come again like last night,
And the ox-eyed daisies bloom
In the meadow 'neath the hillside,
And I breathe their faint perfume,
And a memory walks with me
Of a maid, and of a day,
That the year-year held for me
I'll be happy on the way.

With a tousie-head to meet me,
And to trot home by my side,
I can laugh misfortunes from me,
Meet the morrows happy-eyed;
With her yellow curls upflitting
To each gentle vagrant breeze—
Pshaw! I'd like to live forever
When I get her on my knees!

Long as there be those who love me—
Life will be well worth the while!
Long as baby hands reach to me,
Long as lips curve in a smile,
And are lifted up for kisses,
Just so long I'll be happy here!
Just so long will this old footstool
Be quite good enough for me!

—J. M. Lewis, in Houston Post.

BREAKING THE JAM

By FRANK T. MANN

"WILL do it!" Tom Harding turned from the door, where he stood hesitating, and a look of resolution, that visited his blue eyes only at rare intervals, mingled with the misery in them. "When a man's wife tells him to do his teeth that he is a shiftless, drunken creature, and that she regrets the day she first laid eyes on him, then, I take it, that man has little to live for and nothing to lose. Anyway, I shall accept Squire Johnson's offer, let come what may."

He reached into the pocket of his faded, threadbare coat, and drew forth a crumpled sheet of paper. Slowly, for the fifth time, he went over the words printed in large, flaring letters, the ink not yet dry:

ONE THOUSAND DOLLARS REWARD.

To the person who will break the jam collecting in Au Sable river two miles above Curtis before damage is done to the lumber mills at that point I will pay one thousand dollars. All risks of life and limb to be borne by the one undertaking the work.

W. L. JOHNSON,
President Curtis Lumber Company.

Thrusting the paper into his pocket, Tom strode hurriedly down the sloppy sidewalk, and in a few minutes stood before the large brick building which contained President Johnson's office. A wave of indecision swept across his face as he scraped the mud and snow from his well-worn shoes. It was a perilous undertaking, and none knew the danger of it better than he. Then the recollection of his wife's bitter words returned with full force, and he hesitated no longer. "Maggie is a good woman in most things," he said to himself, and the blue eyes glistened, "and maybe I haven't done by her what I might. For her sake and the baby's I'll try it."

"Well, Tom, my man, you will undertake to cut the jam and save the mills?" said President Johnson a moment later, as Tom, hat in hand, stood before his desk. "Do you know that it is a dangerous piece of work? There is probably not another man in Alcona county who would run the risk for twice the sum named. Indeed, it was not so much with the hope of saving the mills as it was a formality to secure our insurance rights that the reward was offered. However, if your mind is made up it is not my place to dissuade you. If you are successful the money is yours, and I will add another hundred from my own private purse."

"And if anything happens to me, the money will be paid to Mag—my wife?" "If the jam is broken, yes."

William Johnson was a kind-hearted man, and as he watched the big, childish lumberman move toward the door a suspicious film blurred his vision for a moment, and there was just the least huskiness in his tones as he bade him God-speed.

"Poor fellow," he murmured, as he turned to his work, "life has not been all smooth with him lately, and he is in a great measure responsible for his own misfortunes, but I should greatly regret if any evil were to befall him at this work."

In the smaller of the two scantily furnished apartments that constituted their home, Margaret Harding busied herself in the preparation of dinner. Glancing at the cracked porcelain clock on the mantel, she quit her work for the twelfth time, and going to the door, looked uneasily down the long, muddy street. It was deserted save for one solitary figure that came bounding along as fast as his short legs could carry him, regardless alike of the slush of mud and snow beneath his feet and the gusts of wind and rain which came near upsetting him at intervals.

"Say, you hear?" he gasped, as he dashed up to where Margaret stood.

"What do you mean, Bobbie Carson? Have I heard what?"

"About Tom. He's undertook to cut the jam above the mill, an' mos' everybody says he'll be killed. S'posed you knew about it." And swelling over the importance of his message, the thoughtless archer galloped on his way.

For a minute or more Margaret stood looking blankly across the street through the dashing rain. Every bitter word she had uttered that morning recurred to her mind in all its cruel strength, and seemed to burn itself in her very soul in great red letters of fire. The look, half of anger, half of sad reproach, with which he had turned from her and kissed the baby sleeping quietly

in its crib—every incident of their quarrel returned with a significance magnified a thousandfold by her fears.

"I called him worthless and drunken," she said, with dry eyes and pale, trembling lips, "and he is neither. Poor Tom! Though he does drink sometimes, it is through discouragement and disappointment at his hard lot, and he is always kind to me. Oh, God, if I could recall my words! But is it too late? I may save him yet?"

The Curtis Lumber company's mills stood on the level bottom adjacent to the river and about 100 yards from it. Half a mile above the mills the railroad crossed the river over a long iron bridge, and from a point just below the southern end of the bridge an artificial ditch had been cut to float the logs into the mill at high water. It was this bridge and the ditch that were responsible for the trouble which now prevailed.

Au Sable river was roaring, booming, yellow flood. All day the great sawlogs, broken from their moorings above, had been rushing by in thousands. But now immense pine trees, torn up by their roots, were borne upon the bosom of the raging torrent. One of these monarchs of the forest had caught between the two middle piers of the bridge, and formed the nucleus of a rapidly growing mass of timber and debris, the long stems of the great pines writhing and rolling together like the hideous forms of gigantic serpents. Not only was the bridge threatened with momentary destruction, but the dam thus formed caught the waters up and hurled them and their ponderous armature down the ditch and against the mills below, with a violence that must soon accomplish their destruction.

To get at the pine trunk and cut it would release the straining, tumbling mass, restore the raging waters to their natural channel, and save the bridge and the mills. But woe to him who cut it!

When Tom Harding, ax in hand, stepped upon the bridge and started on his mission, not one of the group who stood looking on in breathless silence but felt that he was witnessing a tragedy.

"The man is committing sheer, downright suicide," said an old lumberman who had spent his life in the forest and on the river. "It oughtn't to be allowed." But Tom had already reached the middle of the long structure, and was feeling his way down over the tumbling, grinding pile as only a lumberman can. Now he stood with careful footing upon the huge pine stem, bending under the awful strain, and now he piled his ax with telling vigor, making the chips fly at each powerful stroke. To an eye not cognizant of his terrible danger the sturdy lumberman might have been following his daily vocation for anything in his look or manner that denoted the contrary.

But the woman, wild-eyed and panting, with hair disheveled and hanging in rain-soaked tresses down her back, who just now joined the group on the bank, realized his danger, and a piercing shriek mingled with the roar of the waters.

"Oh, Tom, dear Tom, come back to me! Forgive my cruel words, and come back—for baby's sake and mine!" and she held the little, wet, shivering thing up in full view of its parent out on the river.

He heard not her words, but he saw his child, and every feeling vanished before the paternal. He turned and looked at the towering mass above him, and for a moment those on shore hoped he might escape. But the next! A terrible grinding crash, as the great tree parted, and an awful, muffled roar, and for a single instant the lumberman's form stood poised on the broken tree. He kissed his hand once, and above the din came the words, "It was for you Maggie; you and the baby." and then he went down, and was borne away by the rushing swirl of waters.

Half an hour later searchers found a limp, unconscious body suspended to the branches of a tree where it had been left by the now receding waters. It was at first thought that the man was dead, but closer examination revealed the fact that he breathed, and a liberal draught from a lumberman's flask forced down his throat partly restored him to consciousness. That night Tom Harding was carried home to his wife, terribly maimed and bruised, it is true, but still alive. Under her tender and happy ministrations he finally recovered, and from his terrible experience he gleaned a lesson that will last him all his life. To-day not a happier trio lives than Tom and Margaret and their baby.—Farm and Fireside.

CAUSE OF KENTUCKY FEUDS.

President of Berea College, in a Recent Address, Says Education Is Wanting.

Dr. W. G. Frost, president of Berea college, in the mountains of Kentucky, recently made the following remark at the Chautauqua assembly at Buffalo, N. Y., on the mountain feuds:

"The absence of restraint," said he, "is the sole cause of the feud. The mountaineers of Appalachian America are the descendants of colonials, not to be confused with poor whites. They are southerners who owned land, but not slaves, and who were loyal to the flag in the civil war."

"The feud area has greatly contracted in recent times. Many killings caused by whisky or sudden anger are classed by newspapers with feud murders. Such is not true."

"The case in Breathitt county is a political one—an outbreak unusual, and not to be classed with ordinary feuds. As the death of Hamilton was the occasion of a great sermon by Dr. Knott, which practically ended the feud in America, so we may hope the storm of opposition aroused by the death of Marcup may bring us nearer the end of political assassinations in Kentucky."

The cure for the feud, said Dr. Frost, is education.

Congo Free State.

The Congo Free State has an area of 800,000 square miles and a population between 20,000,000 and 30,000,000.

What is Gambling?

By REV. FRANCES E. TOWNSLEY.



Gambling is not a modern vice. Outside Jerusalem one long ago day, beneath the shadow of a cross, Roman guards are dividing the garments of the dying. To cut one of the garments is to destroy it. As he holds it to the light, the Roman soldier has a bright thought. Seizing a helmet from his fellow's head, he shakes dice into it, rattles the tiny bits, and announces the result. He is carrying out the superstition of his time, for GAMBLING IS A RELIC OF BARBARISM AND SUPERSTITION.

The gods of the heathen were considered variable, and to be won over, and their favor or disfavor to be ascertained by games of chance. "To-day science and Christianity (says Dr. Gifford) clasp hands on the certainty of facts and forces." THE GAMBLER IS AN ANNOUNCED PAGAN, AND AS SUCH HAS NO PLACE IN A MODERN CHRISTIAN CIVILIZATION.

THE PROFESSIONAL GAMBLER IS A LIVING LIE. He does not depend on chance, but the credulity of others who do. "His dice are loaded, his cards marked, his cuff-button has a mirror, his sleeves are lined with horse-hair cloth, and stocked with aces." He is the most scientific scoundrel in the city. As a cheat, he deserves summary punishment.

He is a robber and a menace to society.

THE GAMBLER STANDS FOR THE DESTRUCTION OF THE FINER ELEMENTS OF CHARACTER. The drunkard, when sober, may be penitent, affectionate and pitiful, but the gambler soon loses all finer sensibilities, which are dried up by the hot blasts of sin.

GAMBLING IS COVETOUSNESS. We want something that in time might be ours legitimately. We cannot wait. Honesty is too slow. We gamble for what is not truly ours. Consequently, the habit unfits one for business. Money that costs little, counts for little. Come easy, go easy, is no motto for business success. Women's gambling at the races is but the result of parlor gambling, resort gambling, childhood training to get much for little. The entire method, I repeat, is barbaric, pagan, superstitious, dishonest and covetous. It has no place in a decent Christian civilization. It ought to be suppressed, quarantined, punished. You and I can help bring on that day!

It is a debt we owe to our country and our God. In our individual circle we must do so, or be untrue to ourselves, as surely as to our Christian faith.

Nothing is ours that is not so by earning, or by bequest or gift. More land often means mortgages. More style means often more scheming. More cash means often a haste that tends to dishonor; and gambling in stocks, in a poolroom, or at a card table, or in the children's play for keeps, is of one piece, and unworthy the claim to nobility.

(SPIT)-(SPIT)-(SPIT).

Speaker of the Siphon-Mouthed Orator Whose Words Floated Out on the Stream.

We will not mention time, names, or place, but once upon a time in Oklahoma a citizen was made temporary chairman of a convention. He is one of the wild products of the prairies, which the twin territories would do well to keep in the background, says the Kansas City Journal. This fellow belongs to that class of men who are easily influenced by an appeal to vanity, and this was the way the bosses of the convention got him to become recreant to his lifelong political beliefs and old-established party affiliations. He is a lawyer-politician who considers appearance of great importance. In his youth some sweet girl probably told him he resembled Clay or Webster, which caused him to devote himself ever since to trying to look the part. He keeps his vest open and cravat untied. He affects a laydown collar to expose the supposed Byronic curves of his neck. His hair is black, long and flowing, in conformity with the style of the ancient statesmen of the oratorical epoch of our history, but on account of the use of modern headgear stands out and curls up in the back like the perky tail of a strutting drake. His face has a strained look—strained by a strenuous existence, strained by looking wise, and strained, oh, so strained, by chewing tobacco. He is the champion chewer of the territories and the sure-shot spitter of the plains.

This tobacco chewer manifested his peculiarities while acting as temporary chairman of said convention. His position, when speaking, is either standing on one foot with legs crossed and weight thrown heavily on his fist resting firmly on the table, or standing erect but head down and scowling wisely, his arms crossed and each hand clutching its opposite shoulder. Thus and then he speaks: "Ladies (spit), gentlemen (spit) and fellow citizens (spit), and members of this 'convention (spit)' etc. After he has talked and spit himself out he takes a drink of water, sits down and rams home a new quid. Before the permanent chairman relieved him he had circumscribed his front with an impassable arc of filth, while all the other men and ladies on the platform had moved away and beyond the zone of his exhortations. Oklahoma could well afford to dispense with the services of such men until they learn to practice the ordinary usages of polite society.

Another Romance Spoiled.

"Are you aware," asked the sweet girl graduate, as they strolled along the sandy shore, "that the moon affects the tide?"

"I know it affects romantic lovers," replied the young man in the scene, "but I was under the impression it lost its power after they were tied."—Stray Stories.

Literal Obedience.

Geraldine—Pa says that we mustn't meet any more, and I must obey him. Gerald—All right; the next time I'll manage to overtake you.—N. Y. Herald.

MISTAKEN ESTIMATES.

Little Man Gets Spunky and Asserts Himself, But Better Half Calls His Bluff.

Once upon a time there was a real true gentleman of a humble and retiring disposition, who always tried to get along with as little friction as possible, and who weighed 100 pounds, and was three inches below the normal height, says Tom Masson in the New York Herald.

One day he went to a prize fight, and when it was finished on his way home he stopped and bought a new set of golf clubs, instruments that he had never dabbled with before, and when he marched home he said to his wife:

"I've turned over a new leaf. After this I play golf, while you stay at home and take care of the baby. After this I go to the club regularly and toy with the chips, or learn to carrom on the red, or sit in the front row and watch the antics of the chorus, or anything I please; while as for you, you can mourn for me if you see fit and shed appropriate tears for the lamb of the flock that has gone astray. After this you can sit in church alone every Sunday, while I am at home, with my feet holding down the mantel piece smoking a large perfect and reading the Sunday supplements. After this I root for my favorite baseball nine, go to all the yacht races, swear at the meals and do the gladiator act around my own premises. Do you understand?"

In reply his wife got a firm grip on his collar and lifted him swiftly but gently upstairs, and shaking him as many times as was necessary, while he began to look exceedingly sheepish, replied:

"No, Henry, you will do nothing of the sort. You will do the same old stunts you have been celebrated for, and lead the quiet, humble life you have always led under my management. Don't you know that your size and weight are against you?"

Moral—It would have worked all right if he had been four inches taller.

Enjoying the Sport.

"Perkins," languidly called Fwedy, "come and take this beastly thing off the hook."

While his man disengaged the fish from the hook and put on fresh bait, Fwedy yawned dismally.

"That's what makes fishing such a boah," he said. "Once in awhile you catch one of the slippery things, don't you know."—Stray Stories.

Nemesis.

"It's strange about Hymes. He married to get away from a boarding house."

"And what of that?"

"Well, now his wife has to run one in order to keep the family."—N. Y. Herald.

Wrong Brand.

He—After all my efforts I'm afraid I haven't been able to make an impression. She—Oh, yes, you have. "Then I may hope?"

"No; the impression you made bears the hopeless brand."—Chicago Daily News.

CATARRH DESTROYS THE KIDNEYS

Was Miserable—Could Not Stand Up or Walk—Pe-ru-na Cured.

Many Persons Have Catarrh and Don't Know It.

Mr. James M. Powell, 633 Troost street, Kansas City, Mo., Vice Grand of I. O. O. F. of Cherryville, Kan., writes:

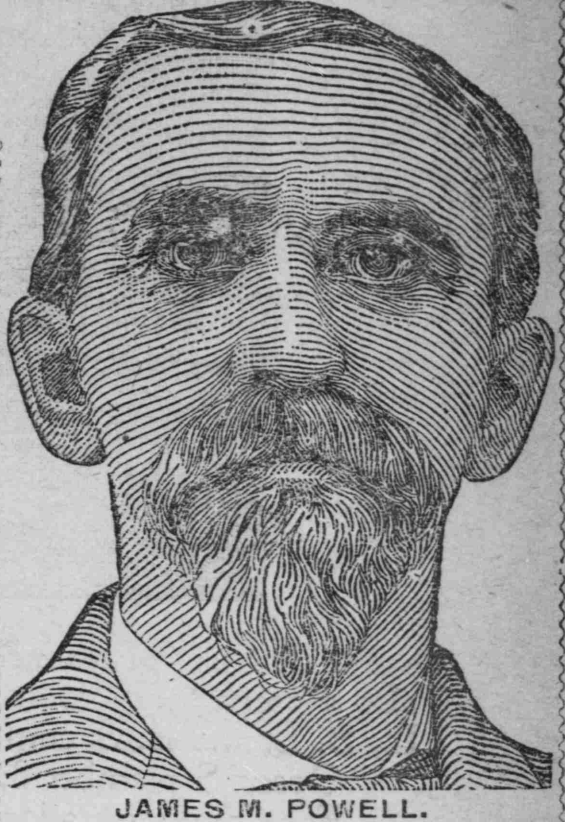
"About four years ago I suffered with a severe catarrh of the bladder, which caused continued irritation and pain. I was miserable and could not stand up or walk for any length of time without extreme weariness and pain. I began taking Peruna and it greatly relieved me, and in eleven weeks I was completely cured and felt like a new man."—James M. Powell.

Hundreds of Dollars Spent in Vaia.

Mr. Cyrus Hershman, Sheridan, Ind., writes:

"Two years ago I was a sick man. Catarrh had settled in the pelvic organs, making life a burden and giving me little hope of recovery. I spent hundreds of dollars in medicine which did me no good. I was persuaded by a friend to try Peruna. I took it two weeks without much improvement, but I kept on with it and soon began to get well and strong very fast. Within two months I was cured, and have been well ever since. I am a strong advocate of Peruna."—C. Hershman.

Peruna cures catarrh of the kidneys, liver and other pelvic organs, simply because it cures catarrh wherever located.



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If you do not derive prompt and satisfactory results from the use of Peruna, write at once to Dr. Hartman, giving a full statement of your case and he will be pleased to give you his valuable advice gratis.

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ALL DEALERS SELL WINCHESTER MAKE OF CARTRIDGES.

The Bible and the Empire State Express.

A Bible student has recently been figuring on how long it would have taken the people to make the journey from Dan to Beersheba if they could have had the benefit in the olden times of the Empire State Express. He figured that the train would have made this journey in less than three hours, although from a reading of the account in the Bible one would think it was a long journey, and it was for those days with their limited means of transportation. Ezekiel, the Chaldean prophet, had in his mind's eye something like the Empire State Express when he uttered the words recorded in the first chapter of his prophecy. Look this up and see if you do not agree with the idea.—From the Troy Daily Times.

The New York Central is every day adding to the sum of human knowledge by its marvelous passenger train service.

Miss Willing—"There are some beautiful rides around here, they say." Colly—"How about the walks?"—Somerville Journal.

The Chicago & North-Western is the only double track railway between Chicago and the Missouri River.

Wolf—What made you fall down in the stock market? Lamb—Somebody gave me a straight tip.—Boston Transcript.

Self-possession is nine points with the lawyer.—Chicago Daily News.

MARKET REPORT.

Cincinnati, Sept. 2.
CATTLE—Common \$3.50 @ 4.40
Heavy steers 4.90 @ 5.10
CALVES—Extra 6.50 @ 6.75
HOGS—Ch. packers 5.95 @ 6.00
Mixed packers 5.75 @ 5.90
SHEEP—Extra 3.10 @ 3.30
LAMBS—Extra 5.50 @ 5.70
FLOUR—Spring pat. 4.50 @ 4.90
WHEAT—No. 2 red. 85 1/2 @ 86 1/2
No. 3 winter 80 1/2 @ 81 1/2
CORN—No. 2 mixed. 53 @ 54
OATS—No. 2 mixed. 35 1/2 @ 36 1/2
RYE—No. 2 59 @ 60
HAY—New timothy. 12.50 @ 13.00
PORK—Clear family. 14.60 @ 14.75
LARD—Steam 7.45 @ 7.50
BUTTER—Ch. dairy. 12 @ 12 1/2
Choice creamery 21 1/2 @ 22
APPLES—Fancy 2.25 @ 2.50
POTATOES—Per bbl 1.85 @ 2.00
TOBACCO—New 3.50 @ 3.60
Old 5.50 @ 13.00

Chicago.
FLOUR—Winter pat. 3.75 @ 3.90
WHEAT—No. 2 red. 80 1/2 @ 81 1/2
No. 3 spring 80 @ 81
CORN—No. 2 mixed. 52 1/2 @ 53 1/2
OATS—No. 2 mixed. 34 @ 35
RYE—No. 2 54 @ 55 1/2
PORK—Mess 12.35 @ 12.37 1/2
LARD—Steam 8.57 1/2 @ 8.60

New York.
FLOUR—Win. str. 2.65 @ 3.90
WHEAT—No. 2 red. 88 1/2 @ 89 1/2
CORN—No. 2 mixed. 59 1/2 @ 60 1/2
OATS—No. 2 mixed. 38 @ 39
RYE—Western 56 @ 57
PORK—Family 17.50 @ 17.75
LARD—Steam 8.65 @ 8.75

Baltimore.
WHEAT—No. 2 red. 83 @ 84
CORN—No. 2 mixed. 53 1/2 @ 54 1/2
OATS—No. 2 mixed. 42 @ 43
CATTLE—Steers 4.90 @ 5.15
HOGS—Western 6.85 @ 6.95

Louisville.
WHEAT—No. 2 red. 83 @ 84
CORN—No. 2 mixed. 53 1/2 @ 54 1/2
OATS—No. 2 mixed. 35 @ 36
PORK—Mess 13.50 @ 13.60
LARD—Steam 8.00 @ 8.10

Indianapolis.
WHEAT—No. 2 red. 81 @ 82
CORN—No. 2 mixed. 50 1/2 @ 51 1/2
OATS—No. 2 mixed. 33 1/2 @ 34 1/2

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Wolf—What made you fall down in the stock market? Lamb—Somebody gave me a straight tip.—Boston Transcript.

Self-possession is nine points with the lawyer.—Chicago Daily News.

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